

Tomorrow's Chapter Will Be Written By Hon. Louis Brownlow

**\$250 REWARD**  
For the Final Chapter of This  
Great Serial

# The Washington Times

**CAMOUFLAGED**  
Will Be Written Entirely By Washing-  
tonians—YOU Can Write the  
Last Chapter

SECTION TWO.

WASHINGTON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1919.

SECTION TWO.

## "CAMOUFLAGED"

The Times' Great \$250 Reward Serial. You Can Win the Prize If You Write the Best Final Chapter

### PROLOGUE.

"MADLINE!"

"Yes, Daddy"—and the girl, pausing in her task of rearranging the well-worn furniture in the dingy little bedroom, stepped noiselessly to the bedside and deftly straightened the rumpled covering over the emaciated form of her father, Prof. John Stanton Connor, whose sands of life, she knew only too well, were fast slipping through the hour glass of time. "Sit down close beside me, Little Girl," said the dying man feebly, "there is something I must tell you"—and as Madeline seated herself on the edge of the bed, he reached for her hand, which he feverishly held, while the girl, with tear-dimmed eyes, watched the flickering spark of life fast fading from the eyes of the only being she had ever loved.

Left motherless in infancy, Madeline had been the one bright spot in the scientific life of John Stanton Connor. From the time he resigned his academic career as metallurgist to within a few short months, his whole life work of more than thirty years had been devoted to the regeneration of the ancient lore of alchemy.

Madeline had watched the thousands of transmuting experiments at first with childish curiosity, then when the actual discovery of the wonderful art came nearer and nearer to a triumphant reality, she, too, began to realize the momentous import of a perfected process which would make it possible to produce pure gold from such baser metals as copper, lead and silver.

In the little lonely cabin, clinging to the side of a Colorado mountain, Madeline had grown from infancy to young womanhood, and now—at the age of twenty-two—she realized that fate, strange, inexorable fate, would soon leave her to conclude the masterful problem which her father had accomplished to the point of giving his secret to the United States Government.

"You know the equalization of A, with the combative elements of X and Y—and the radio-activity of Z," continued the scientist, "you know the chart, Madeline, the progression, and the repellent action of heat at 240 degrees—but the governing principle, girl—the governing principle is not on the chart! You alone, in all the world, have the knowledge to create the entire chemical formula to complete the chart I am leaving you."

### Here Are the Characters Which Govern the Story

Madeline Lucille Connor.  
Major Archibald Knowles,  
U. S. A.  
Captain Barry Henderson,  
U. S. N.  
Lieut. Frank Kimball, "Ameri-  
can ace."  
Mrs. Emery Thayer.  
Wu Tsang.  
Thomas Jeffrey Fuller.  
John Tracy Snyder.

"But father, why not rest now, surely you will be better able to discuss this when you are stronger!"

"Wait, Madeline! There will never be another time with me," interrupted Prof. Connor impetuously; "you must listen now; tomorrow, it will be too late; you have always wondered how we managed to live here; you know that we have always lived comfortably, and that our supplies have been forwarded regularly, every three months, from Cripple Creek."

"I can't go into much detail, suffice to say, that twenty years ago I made a compact with three prospectors, the understanding being that I was to devote my entire time to the transmutation of gold from baser metals. These men placed a sum of money in a Denver bank and arranged with the general store in Cripple Creek to supply me with everything necessary to live on and at the same time continue my experiments."

"Now, listen closely, Madeline," faintly whispered the fast-weakening voice. "These men were Jack Knowles, Bill Henderson and Pete Kimball. They are all dead now, but each is survived by a son—they are several years older than you, with the exception of Pete Kimball's son, and I think he is about the same age as yourself. Should anything happen to me, Madeline, I want you to take the chart—go to Washington, and find Archie Knowles, Barry Henderson and Frank Kimball."

"Play square, Madeline—as I know you will; these boys are the sons of regular red-blooded Americans, and they will protect you and share with you equally in the tremendous fortune which will be jointly yours when you complete the charted triangle."



GEORGE H. DONOHUE,  
Director of The Times' Great Serial and Writer of the Prologue  
and First Chapter.

"Be constantly on your guard against Wu Tsang, Madeline; you remember how that Chinese clique tried to steal the chart, only last year—they will try it again, and look out for Tom Fuller and John Snyder, and above all be on the alert for a woman whom Snyder uses as a tool, I don't know her name, but you will meet her—Good God, girl, my heart almost fails me when I contemplate the pitfalls you may have to face, but get Archie Knowles—he will help you—out."

A brief announcement in the Cripple Creek Tribune stated recently that Prof. John Stanton Connor, the well-known alchemist and metallurgist had died, and that his daughter, Madeline Lucille Connor, had left Colorado for Washington, D. C., where she was to meet several people interested in the development of a secret process perfected by her father, in the transmutation of silver into gold.

Another announcement in the same paper stated that Wu Tsang, the well-known Chinese diplomat, had arrived in Denver.

one of four men who would startle the world with a process for the manufacture of gold.

He remembered his father talking with three other men on widely separated occasions, but with the death of his father some six years ago, he had forgotten all about the secret process—and not until now, when the name of John Stanton Connor came before him, had he ever given the matter of alchemy any thought or attention.

"Well, I don't see just what I'm going to do about this thing," he mused thoughtfully. "I don't know Henderson or Kimball, and as for Madeline Lucille Connor, I don't see how I can locate her—if she can't locate me."

Further soliloquy was broken by the sharp ringing of the phone bell, and in answer to the major's gruff "hello," came the query, uttered in a peculiarly distinctive accent as to whether this was Major Archibald Knowles, of Colorado.

"Yes, that's where I'm from," answered Major Knowles bluntly. "Who is this, and what do you want to know for?"

"You'll find out soon enough why I want to know," came back the voice half mockingly. "You better take a tip from me and leave Washington within twenty-four hours, or else maybe we will ship you out in a box."

The voice ceased, and Major Knowles, after a stormy effort to renew the connection with the mysterious speaker, finally slammed the receiver up with a bang. "Leave Washington in twenty-four hours—eh—and am I Knowles of Colorado—send me out of here in a box—hah, whoever is responsible for that bit of comedy will wish he hadn't been quite so humorous, if I discover who it was," and pulling on his overcoat, the Major, after carefully placing the letter in his pocket, unlocked the door, left the room, and a couple of moments later walked through the lobby to the street.

Assigned, as he was to executive duty in the ordnance department, Major Knowles was practically master of his own time and movements, and tonight, late though it was, he just wanted to walk and think things over. The strange letter coupled with the mysterious telephone call, were odd happenings in his orderly schedule of daily events, and as he stepped briskly along Pennsylvania avenue, he failed to notice the four well-muffled figures

who were trailing less than twenty feet behind.

Had Major Knowles known he was being followed he would undoubtedly have stopped at some particularly well-lighted spot and discovered that his pursuers were four Chinese, under the leadership of one unusually tall oriental to whom the other three were apparently eager to do his slightest bidding.

But Major Knowles with no thought of being followed, turned sharply to the right at Thirteenth street, and cutting across to the west side of the street momentarily slackened his pace while he lighted a cigarette.

With both hands protecting the sputtering flame from the wind, Major Knowles proved an easy prey to the two grips of steel which, with lightning like rapidity pinned both hands to the small of his back, and the next instant he caught the gleaming flash of a knife, as the blade slashed directly over his heart.

The attack was so ferociously sudden that Knowles, athlete though he was, was taken completely unawares, but before he could shake himself

loose he realized that help had come from an unexpected quarter as a heavily built man in a naval uniform had jumped into the fray and already released their grips; the first, as the result of a crushing blow on his jaw, which sent him reeling off the sidewalk, and the second, with his flat nose flattened almost even with the rest of his evil countenance.

That the "hold-up" had been carefully planned was evident from the fact that the four thugs beat a hasty retreat to the middle of the street, where all four jumped into an automobile which had been slowly trailing them, and before Knowles could regain his wits the machine made a quick jump out Thirteenth street and a few seconds later swerved west into F street and disappeared in the night.

"Well, Major, you certainly had a close call that time," said the naval officer as he returned to where Knowles was still standing, after making an ineffectual attempt to board the bandit auto—"my name's Henderson"—he continued good humoredly as he extended his hand. "Mighty glad I happened along, that's the second time I've run into

those chinks in the last two days, and the next time, you can gamble, I'll get one of them at least."

"Chinks," exclaimed Knowles. "No wonder they worked that 'jin jitsu' on me so cleverly; my name's Knowles, Captain, and I sure am grateful to you; but I can't for the life of me understand why those devils went after me with a knife."

"Why look at your coat, man—look at it!" exclaimed Captain Henderson, as Knowles turned to the light; "it's been cut with a razor, from the shoulder to the hip, and a mighty neat job they made of it, too; lucky for you the blade didn't travel any deeper."

True enough the heavy uniform coat had been slashed in a straight line with the most remarkable precision, and realizing his narrow escape Knowles turned to his ally with "That's the third peculiar occurrence that has happened to me tonight, Captain, and I guess I will get back to the hotel."

"Well, if you are headed for your hotel, guess I'll sail along in your wake," returned Henderson—and, say!—pardon me, Major, I did not quite catch your name in all this excitement."

"Knowles—Archibald Knowles—but what the—" and Major Knowles stopped short in his walk and glared indignantly at Capt. Barry Henderson, while the latter gave vent to numerous prolonged roars of laughter, which he finally choked off long enough to splutter: "Ten thousand pardons, Knowles, old chap, but this is the richest thing I've struck in years—why, hang it man, I've been looking for you for three days, been held up twice myself, been robbed, had my life threatened, and here I run across you in just the same fix I've been myself, and—"

"Wait a moment," broke in Knowles, "you're not the son of William C. Henderson, of Cripple Creek, are you?"

"The very same, my hearty, Barry Henderson, at your service," and Capt. Barry Henderson, linking arms with Major Knowles, continued towards the latter's hotel.

"You see," said Henderson, "it's this way, I received a note yesterday from a Miss Madeline Lucille Connor in which she told me she had come to Washington from Colorado at the request of her father. (Continued on Page Fourteen.)

# \$250.00 REWARD

Here we are with a mystery on our hands. And the reader of The Times who comes nearest the solution of this mystery will win \$250.00 in cash.

**Lawyers, Clergymen, Educators, Political Leaders,  
Men and Women of Affairs, Professionals  
and Laymen in the Art Literary**

—all have combined to give us the literary treat of the day in a mystery way. The details you will find elsewhere. And the first of the 30 days' installments appears today—right here—on this page.

## Win this \$250.00 for Yourself

Some one is going to be \$250.00 richer at the end of this mystery contest. And it might as well be YOU, is the way we look at it.

Whether you actively contest for the prize or not, you will find this purely Washington story, written from day to day by your fellow townspeople, the most intensely interesting light reading with which to while away an hour a day.

Watch this Space from Day to Day for  
"SIDELIGHTS" on this Mystery Story

1116-1122 7th  
St. N. W.

# Berberich's

813 Penna.  
Ave. N. W.

Washington's Largest and Most Progressive Shoe House. Established 1868.

### CHAPTER ONE

By George H. Donohue

TO all outward appearances, Major Archibald Knowles, U. S. A., was very much disturbed. He had already read the letter twice as he stood before the Raleigh desk, and now, with the envelope crumpled in one hand, he still stood staring blankly at the neatly typewritten letter which he held before him.

Indecision, perplexity and bewilderment were manifest in every move as he mechanically accepted the key to his room which the clerk had been trying to give him, since presenting the letter, and then—sharply pulling himself together—walked quickly to the elevator, and a moment later was in his room.

Carefully locking the door, Major Knowles threw off his overcoat, lit his pipe, and then—taking up the letter again, started to read. The letter was written on the stationery

of a prominent Denver bank, and was as follows:

Dear Major Knowles:

This is to acquaint you with the fact that the trust fund left with this bank in 1898 for the maintenance of John Stanton Connor jointly by your father, John D. Knowles, William C. Henderson and Peter L. Kimball ceases to exist as a trust fund, owing to the recent death of Prof. Connor. The principal of this fund will be at the joint disposal of yourself and the sons of Henderson and Kimball, with whom I would like you to consult at your earliest opportunity.

Both Henderson and Kimball are in the service of the Government and should be in Washington at this time. I will also advise you, as an old friend of your father's, to make a diligent effort to locate Miss Madeline Lucille Connor, the only child of Prof. Connor, who left Colorado for Washington, D. C., to find yourself, Henderson and Kimball, several days ago.

She has the secret process—in its perfected form—for the transmutation of baser metals into pure gold, and as I know something of the secrecy with which Prof. Connor guarded his process, I am of the opinion there may be a strong effort made by three or four different groups who have been systematically trying to steal the process for the past couple of years to work underground methods on Miss Connor and steal the secret which she is trying to deliver to yourself, Henderson and Kimball. Kindly advise receipt of this communication.

Sincerely yours,

THE DENVER TRUST COMPANY.

Major Knowles, usually quick-witted and resourceful, scratched his head meditatively as he puffed slowly and steadily on his pipe; the contents of a portion of the letter was not altogether foreign to him. He remembered that his father, a brusque old prospector, had often hinted that some day he would be